



# Literary Page ACTION

DRUG ADDICTION

## THE PROBLEM OF SUFFERING

My child was struggling for  
life in hospital,  
And I, worried, tense and  
tired,  
Sat in silent prayer;  
In violent silence arguing  
with my God.

Go, I said,  
Why do you allow him to  
suffer so?  
Why him all the time?  
Why?  
God was silent!  
Not a word from him,  
Not a word!

Maybe, I thought,  
God is angry with me.  
I'll appease my God:  
I'll promise to be good,  
Try and be good at least,  
Surely God would then  
respond.

God, I pleaded,  
Please God,  
To be good is hard,  
But I'll try.

But  
My child must live,  
Live free from pain:  
God,  
You know how I love him,  
don't you?  
don't you? Don't you?  
Don't you?

But  
God was dumb:  
Like my child  
Then I said to myself,  
God is just,  
I'll appeal for justice,  
He cannot deny me  
justice,  
God, I called,  
Though you are silent,  
I am sure you hear me,  
Be fair, be just,  
Let him live strong and  
happy.

Then  
I saw on the wall,  
A cockroach pregnant with  
egg,  
In pains of labour,  
Bringing forth new life.  
I snatched a newspaper,  
And hit the cockroach.  
It fell on its back,  
Struggling for life,  
and I crushed it,  
With the heel of my shoe.  
All the time I was praying,  
Violently pleading for life,  
The life of my child!

Deogratias Mugoa



## STARS

You took me into the fields of night  
vast expanse of blue desire  
eyes a cosmic dream inspired  
with the  
muted traffic distant  
mute grassy land *insistent*

Highway leads to darkened land  
and starwashed field  
to darkwashed sand  
for lovers coupling  
years of dreaming  
pulses in blood ocean streaming  
streaming like the deep  
rhythm rocked in sleep

slow is a golden word and touch  
that echoes the silent tide  
slow caresses  
slow to end  
slow rising fire inside

soft  
is a patience drawn from love  
on a breath of midnight peace  
soft through passion  
soft in speech till the blinding  
sweet  
release  
these waves awashing morning bright  
that sift our bodies  
feather-light  
wake us with soft command

to see love stand  
though night is broken

with joy and courage  
yet unspoken

turn away the ocean and  
walk,  
drawn by hope and  
half-dreamed plans

to different shorelines  
dredged by Man

*burned through and through  
with stars and sand.*

Jason and Dean



## THE SPIRIT

looming figure,  
faraway afraid  
I tremble in darkness  
who are you?

what little light is,  
be a ghost of hell  
a fire in my tension  
who are you?

what fallen blazes  
rise from beyond  
what spirits in my mind  
who are you?

awakened my dream  
my bed warmth and love  
my drapes over window  
must be you.

MARINA MOLYNEAUX

## BRAIN DRAIN

I meet you in the corridors:  
Little back-packed groups  
Pale and sighing;  
Dark-circled eyes  
Betraying  
Plates too full  
And time too fleeting.

The stress of As and Bs  
And oh - much worse-  
Of Cs and (dread)  
Demoralizing Ds.  
F symbolizes failure:  
Finished, out;  
Pink ears and butts;  
On you the knotting strain  
Of HAVING to get  
An education.

I am pale  
And sigh too.

PAMELA J. FULTON

His eyes were red  
with drug,  
in his veins  
the irritation flowed.

She was strong  
as a ploughing bull,  
and rolled with  
the vigour of a bull-dozer.

His friends dreaded her  
for the troubles she  
wrought,  
so they told her.

"abandon marijuana"  
and she said,  
after listening reluctantly,  
"I shall take no more",  
and she made a stop.

But, soon his strength  
sagged  
she was weak, her voice  
trembled,  
her limbs crumbled under  
his weight.

She tried to look,  
but his sight was weak,  
and she could not  
rise from his native stool.

Fear attacked his flesh  
which she thought was  
slowly rotting  
away  
bringing her to an end.

she must be saved,  
so she called for drug  
which she smoked,  
puffing the green smoke,  
"Ah! Marijuana", She  
sighed,  
"it has done the job".

His muscles toughened, as  
his strength  
slowly came to her.

Deogratias Mugoa

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